





CAROLINE SHERMAN MARVIN.

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GLEANNINGS

FROM THE DIARY OF

CAROLINE SHERMAN MARVIN



WATERTOWN, NEW YORK

1901

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PREFACE.

THAT this little collection of thoughts from the journal of a woman whose life was spent among the birds and the flowers and the things that nature cherished, and who, by virtue of her faith in an all-wise Providence could see through every vale of tears a gleam of joy, may bring with its reading some help to the friends in this land of the living, is the ambition of its publisher. Caroline Sherman Marvin was truly a woman of ideals. She lived in the very heart of Nature. The singing of the birds outside her cottage window inspired her soul with heavenly melodies, while a pretty landscape afforded many a happy hour with her brush and easel. "Art for Art's Sake" might well have been her motto, and a perusal of these pages will convey to the reader the significance of the thoughts expressed therein, which, altho written at random through many years of the writer's life, afford an index to her character heretofore unknown perhaps to any except her nearest friends.—Publisher.

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CAROLINE AMELIA SHERMAN

Born December 28, 1833

Died October 24, 1896

IN MEMORIAM.

THIS little volume is affectionately dedicated to the relatives and friends in memoriam to my beloved daughter Caroline.

It contains thoughts and sentiments extracted from her journal, or record, pertaining to her daily life, also descriptions of various places of interest which she visited at different times.

I trust that the thoughts here inscribed may meet with just merit and approval, and that you will let the electric chord of sympathy reach from thee to her in her Spirit Sphere; where her spirit, like an uncaged bird, ranges the broad land of that bright world of spirits let loose from earthly trammels that so long have held it like a weary child sighing for rest, and has at last found that rest.

MOTHER.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Description of My Cottage Home.

1850.

Born in the country where nature presents some of her rarest specimens of beauty, if there is beauty in gently rising hills covered with softest green, forests whose ancient trees still gracefully wave their branches to the breeze, under whose goodly shade I have often paused to admire or stooped to gather the modest wild flowers near sparkling streams, whose music is doubly sweet when blended with the song of birds, and still residing in my native home, a white cottage in a grove in the valley round which beautiful flowers cast their fragrant incense on the air and where I have amused myself many an hour with my work, music or drawing, or sometimes sitting in the little vine-trellised arbor perusing the pages of some interesting book !

The years of my past life, which number seventeen, have been as little disturbed perhaps by the turbulence and keen affliction to which we are all liable to be subject than generally falls to the lot of mortals, and perhaps it might be said marked with fewer events of any importance than those whose lives are more eventful ; yet I have not passed thus smoothly along without realizing some of the trials of life, no, *that* none can expect ; but I have been visited with frequent attacks of illness in various forms, and am now recovering from an illness of five weeks' duration and after an

absence of seven months from school, but by the permission of my Heavenly Father, and through the never-tiring care of a dear, kind mother, to whom I feel I owe much and sometimes fear I can scarce ever recompense for her kindness, I have been enabled to recover, and for which favor I feel to be very grateful, and through faith and prayer, however simple and inadequate, should be accepted in the sight of Heaven, may I be enabled to do that which is favorable in the sight of God, inasmuch as he has granted favors to me.

Journal at the Age of 15.

1848.

The consequence of my father being distant in New York by business was a message to my mother to come and spend the winter. She accordingly made arrangements to that purpose and was soon on her way. How sad were my thoughts at parting with her; so deeply is it impressed upon my memory; I believe I shall never forget it. I recollect I spent some time with my grandmother after her departure (dear old lady how I love her; may Heaven's blessing ever rest upon her). I imagined my mother the victim of every accident that might happen or of any disease which might possibly present itself in the city. It was some time before my sadness subsided, for it seemed with her all pleasure had departed; it finally did subside, however, by the encouragement of dear "mama", as I was ac-

customed to call her, so that I was once more cheerful and comparatively happy. Though the time would seem short, now that she was absent it seemed to me that it would never pass away; it did however, and most happy were we when she returned accompanied by my father in safety and good health and spirits, free from harm; and with what delight did I welcome them !

How time passed, the seasons made their usual revolutions; many times was my father called away and detained by business, and then would send for mother, in which case it fell to my lot to be left at home.

At one of these times it happened I spent the winter at the home of our friends, as our own was to be closed, and never shall I forget those few happy months. To be sure I regretted the departure of my mother as I had always done; I wonder I did not regret it far more. I felt sad enough for a while, but all things were so pleasant for my reception the worst was over before I could scarce realize it. After my mother's arrival in New York I frequently corresponded with both her and father, by this means assured of their health and happiness and with the exception their separation from me I was as content as possible under the circumstances.

Those few months so agreeably passed may decide my destiny; I cannot believe it. But as the curtain has been raised presenting to our eager sight some exciting dramatic

scenes, so will the impenetrable curtain of the future be gradually put aside, revealing to our wondering view the mysterious scenes in "Life's Drama."

Trip to New York.

1850.

Some three weeks since on one unpleasant morning my mother and I were making arrangements for starting on our trip to New York. Our trunks were packed, all things ready, we took the carriage that would convey us to Watertown in company with Mr. and Mrs. Strong.

While the rain pattered upon us and now and then we received spatters of mud upon our clothes, we arrived at Watertown where we were detained by delayed trains. But soon the puffing of the iron horse announced to us our speedy departure and in a few moments we were moving on with a rapid pace.

On our passage through to Rome the general appearance of the country was pleasing to the sight and quite diversified with hill and dale, and now and then a winding glassy stream which received the sparkling welcome of the smiling sun-beams as they struggled through the shrubs that decked their grassy margins. Also many little villages, minute dwelling houses, which looked as though they ought to have been cots of contentment.

While in Rome I hoped to see Alice and Richard Orten, but did not; would have gone and seen them if I had known that we were to be detained so long.

Also from Rome to Utica through to Albany there are many scenes sufficiently beautiful to attract the eye. One little place I recollect particularly was Little Falls, a most delightful and romantic little place. I caught but a glimpse of it, but that was sufficient to show that it was a wild scene. It seemed overhung by precipitous, rocky banks and dark foliage which made the town appear like a white flock on the mountain side. Some have attempted to change the name to Rockton, but it still goes by its primitive name.

Mohawk was also another fine little place; its name the same as of the majestic stream that glides along in that vicinity.

Arrived in Albany in time to take the boat Hendrick Hudson which would leave us in New York city the following morning. The boat was one of the finest that traverses the waters of the broad Hudson. The dawn of the morning found us some 15 miles from the city which gave us the opportunity of viewing the scenery on the opposite banks, which was most charming to behold; one of those delightful scenes of nature rare to look upon. On one side rises a precipitous, rocky bank, tufted with iris-hued foliage, owing to the season of the year; on the opposite bank the grassy slopes are beautified by the most delight-

ful residences. While passing along, two trains of cars shot past us from opposite directions. In a few hours more we were in full view of the city, whose spires and domes and towers rose most majestically to our view in the morning sunlight. On coming from the boat the variety of sounds that struck our ears was like the roar of a mighty cataract, but instead it was a vast rushing mass of souls, each intent upon his own aim and object.

During our stay we visited Crystal Palace for the first time; the first glamor of the interior to the beholder's eye is a brilliant sight indeed, the Palace covering the extent of some three or four acres. The stranger's eye on entering takes in a vast expanse of innumerable articles which present a perfect kaleidoscope surpassing description. As you pass on, various departments are presented to view of different countries and fabrications of the different nations of the earth. Among the most striking articles presented is the statuary which meets the spectator's eye in every direction, particularly the veiled busts of fair Italy, Austria, Holland, &c., the statue of William Tell, the Greek Slave, the Swiss Girl taken from real life, also Christ and the twelve Apostles represented much larger than life; passing on still farther, entrances of the various departments of different nations present themselves and you are lost amidst the labyrinthian passages of the extensive edifice.

Enter the picture gallery and sights of still greater inter-

est meet the gaze of the spectator. The paintings here, some of them, are finely characterized and lifelike. One which made quite an impression upon my mind was where the angel of death is bearing away the spirit form of a most lovely lady, with shielding wings, heavenward, leaving the anguish-stricken young husband in agonizing bereavement for the loss of his beautiful wife. Another still is Diogenes, I think, the great philosopher in search of wisdom personified. His long search had not been in vain, it seemed, as the beams of his midnight lamp fell upon the face of Washington, the standard of all excellence and wisdom. These, with others equally striking, were among the best. In the evening, by gaslight, the scene presented a more brilliant aspect still, which made it more pleasing to the eye, and appearing so much like some scene of enchantment, particularly when soft harmonious melody strikes the ear from various musical instruments in the distant departments.

In the evening came Mr. Strong, accompanied by his brother and another gentleman, which made, when we all got together, quite a party.

We met in the picture gallery, but by some chance some of our company became separated by the assembling crowd. Seeing no alternative but to make ourselves content until we should find them, we passed along towards the other side of the gallery thinking to meet them. Finding nothing of them, however, we concluded we would make the best of

it. Found Mr. Strong more interesting in conversation than I had anticipated from his reserved manner ; passing on to some of the other departments, gorgeous in their array, viewing those articles most curious to the eye of the visitor and commenting accordingly, we finally reached the lower floor of the palace, still expecting to meet the rest of our company. By Mr. Strong's urgent request, however, I was obliged to consent to go into the saloon adjoining the palace for the accommodation of visitors. After we had taken refreshments we again continued our ramble, when Mr. Strong's brother suddenly came upon us, informing us that two or three had gone in different directions about the palace searching for us for a long time, as they were all quite alarmed at our absence and lateness of the hour, our party being obliged to take different directions home ; on coming up with them we met with such a multiplicity of accusations and jests as to put us quite aback. Mr. Strong was half chagrined at his ability being doubted of seeing a young lady safely home even in cases of emergency. On reaching the street my mother, aunt and myself took a stage and proceeded homeward after quite a day's adventure. Arrived safely home finding our friends in some alarm and surprise at our being out so late.

Many times after this I visited the palace, which seemed necessary to receive a permanent impression of the variety of objects there exhibited.

The second time I visited it was in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, my mother and Mr. Woodworth. I remember him as a gentleman of high intellectual attainment and literary acquirements, being an author and a tourist in European lands, which enabled him to be extremely interesting and instructive on any topic that was introduced or that presented itself. This—our visit to the palace that evening—was made doubly interesting by his company, as he was enabled to give information upon any subject of interest or object of art or science, historical or geographical. On our entrance into the picture gallery, in passing along viewing deliberately each distinguished portrait or foreign landscape scene, he would point out to us and describe more minutely those scenes which he had previously visited and had stood upon the very spot where they were founded and had met the originals of those distinguished portraits. It is pleasing and edifying to converse with such.

Oh! those delightful foreign lands, why was it not my fate to be a child of thee, born beneath thy sunny skies, at least a visitor amid thy lovely oriental scenes of classic Greece, romantic Italy, the home of gems of art, France, the land of literature and courtesy, the lofty Alps and beautiful vales, blue lakes of Switzerland; in fact, if mine had been the fate of a rover, there would have been few spots upon this beautiful though inferior orb rolling in infinite space and tuned to harmony with the music of the

spheres by God's own finger, that I would not have visited ;
few places famed for transitory events sung by classical
bards but upon which my eye would have rested. If hope
were not so wavering and weak within me, I would yet an-
ticipate, though brief the time, the privilege of a tourist, nor
scarce tarry upon the earth but with a spirit's power, prone
to range, speed to other spheres, with spiritual eyes and
ears see and list to their music. I would say with the poet,
which is truly consolatory to the restless soul :

“ In other days when death shall give the encumbered spirit wings
Its range shall be extended, it shall roam
Perchance among those vast mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, shall dwell in earth
Familiar with its children, learn their laws and share their state and
study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss and beauty by the hand of Power Divine
lavished on all its works ;
Eternity shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight,
No pause of pleasure or improvement—
World on world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time but adding to its glories,
While the soul advancing ever to the source of light
And all perfection lives, adores and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity and bliss.”

A Gloomy Day.

April, 1853.

In spite of the constant pattering rain, Janie and I have taken a right barn-yard ramble. We left no stable or granery unexplored, made Nelly and her kittens a long visit, returned to the house and helped about dinner; after doing up the afternoon work, feeling rather dull, sat down and soon gave myself up to the influence of Morpheus; was quite insensible until awakened by mother at tea time.

Though near nine o'clock or after, a proper bedtime, I do not feel much disposition to retire or sleep, nothing strange that I should not I think. I am rather sad and disturbed, dark clouds and shadows seem to rise above the mind's horizon, threatening to overshadow it; if they were only to pass off in a storm and return no more, the sunshine of cheerfulness to break out and dispel them and shine always, it might all be right; but no, this repeated gloominess that so often comes upon me, ah! I fear I can never dispense with in this lifetime; yes, almost unbearable at times, though I may exert myself to the utmost to drive it away, and why is this, have I not a good and pleasant home, the kindest and best beloved of friends, those for whom I would grant any favor that it was in my power to do, if the opportunity was only presented.

It is said to be good is to be happy, then I am not good, yet I would not in conscience or voluntarily do a wicked act, but we are prone to evil; it seems to me that the commission of my sins are so numerable they can scarcely ever be forgiven; that I am ever doing that which enlightened reason teaches me not to do, it humbles me.

I would think of God, yet it is with (*i. e.* at times) fearfulness and forebodings, but the prayerful sentiments of my heart are :

Oh ! Thou Mighty One, Thou God of Infinity, Thou who penetrateth the innermost recesses of heart and soul, will not Thou and Thy saintly spirits of the blest paradise afford their influences that I might deviate less from the path I ought to tread, that I may with greater and renewed energy perform those duties that I have but too often neglected, that I may be made to feel most keenly the enormity of the sin of neglect; that I may, with increased reverence and adoration of God, study more frequently, deeply and eagerly into the holy volumes which He hath given—this, with the ability of being useful and not a burden to my friends and fellow creatures, is what I most desire. Oh ! that the Merciful God and His angels would assist me; if I could but feel that the shadow of an angel's white and waving wings rested near mine and me.

Thus I knew buoyancy and light-heartedness of youth, at least childhood, must in a measure depart. I felt that



JULIA A. SHERMAN HUNT.

with the rolling years would come a multiplicity of responsibilities, developments of character, when by the light of reason vivid consciousness, acute susceptibilities, deeply meditate all things and circumstances connected with the external, and upon things of the internal, our minds and soul and future destiny.

A thunder shower has come and passed since I have been writing; at present all is still and quiet, the household have retired, it is very late and I must also retire.

May, 1853.

Onward, onward speeds that time which waiteth for no man; another year is rapidly performing its revolution, and again with good cheer do we greet the balmy month of May. With budding leaf and bursting flower a delightful Sabbath morning dawned upon us, the air clear and cool, went to church, listened to a very able sermon from our former clergyman who has been absent some time, but now returned to us again. How good did it seem to see him once more among us, gladly do we welcome him back, may his hours be blessed, and may he be rewarded tenfold for his exertions. In the afternoon attended a temperance lecture delivered by Mr. Hungerford; what was said was highly commendable.

July, 1854.

Time with perpetual speed has fled, and is still flying, months have passed and I have left unrecorded some incidents which have transpired since the last events which I noticed in my journal, but, in comparison to the great scenes of time's panorama, are slight—what are they to other important questions of the public, the revolutionizing events, the Eastern world where nations are engaged in deathly combat, striking down their fellows, sending souls rapidly and suddenly from time to eternity ; heedless of the consequences and the wretchedness it may cause, still they fight on and for what ? God knows, He divines all things, perhaps some great destiny may be pending for eternity, which will have its influence on all nations, but what else is this mortality of mankind, these revolutions of empire and kingdoms, fall of thrones, usurpation of the rights of monarchs, that one man, a prince by earthly titles, might, to satisfy his ambition and covetous desire, add to his already extended dominions, possessions still of other empires, increase his power and sway a sceptre over nations. And such are the acts of men, for what cause we blinded ones know not, none but the inscrutable Deity divines and directs impenetrable mysteries—but I am moralizing instead of relating.

Life's Drama for Eternity.

Jan., 1855.

I find that five years have passed since I first took my pen with the resolution of noting the every-day incidents connected with life. In a measure I have been punctual, although not altogether; however, I have occasionally deposited now and then a thought in my private repository.

Now another year has rolled around and time has added another link to the complex and stupendous chain of the past, many scenes have transpired which seem to be revolutionizing the events of life's drama for eternity; the great, exciting and important question subjective of the world, which have been so long agitated, and the theme of so many tongues, will, it is to be anticipated, cause an overture in the future, the sequel of which none but an inscrutable and mysterious Deity can discern.

In the language of Tupper:—

“O! mysterious—ye all are one; the mind of an inexplicable Architect dwelleth alike in each, quickening and moving in them all.

“Fields and forests and cities of men, their woes and wealth and work; and customs and contrivances of life with all we see and know.

“For a little way, a little while, ye hang upon each other.

“But all are held in one right hand and by His will ye are. Here is answer unto mystery, an unintelligible God.

“This is the end of the beginning, it is reason that He be not understood.”

June, 1855.

Months have again passed since I last penned a single word in my journal, and what has occupied me that I have been so neglectful? Some of the time I have been absent, some of the time engaged with company, and my attention called in various directions.

Once more the Spring has come, radiant with the same unfailing beauty and as ever greeted with the same enthusiasm by all admirers of the beautiful. Ah! yes, time passes on speedily, but not without bringing changes—sad changes for us. One endeared to us by many associations of the past has gone to the eternal home of immortality, yet we trust her bright and happy spirit-guardian will linger near those objects that were dear to her on earth.

Not three years since there was an extensive company gathered at her father's house and she stood among the guests a bride, consummating her youthful vows with him, her heart's affection and choice, but not until years of perplexity and suffering had been her portion. Lavinia was not faultless, she had defects of character, but from this no mortal is exempt. If she had faults she also had traits of

character most noble and interesting. Beloved by her friends, and possessing the ability to make herself most agreeable to all, her death is much regretted by a large circle of acquaintances.

Sunday, July 1st, 1855.

The months swiftly, rapidly chase each other up, speeding us on to eternity. But which event should not be contemplated with sadness, but rather with gladness and hope of a bright immortality.

Have been to church to-day; heard a very excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Douglas. Met several friends whom I think much of. Came home feeling thankful that there were some persons in this wide world whose hearts possess attributes congenial to my own.

It has been a bright and beautiful day though almost too warm for comfort, but the afternoon has brought refreshing showers which will cause nature to look lovelier than ever. Yes, there is grandeur in the thunder's crash and roar and awe in the lightning's flash, in the blast of tempests and the sweep of the hurricane. It teaches us lessons most impressive of our dependence on the Deity, our Father the great originator of all mystery.

Throned in His sublimity, beyond the groveling of lower intellect, standing supreme as the Mystery of Mysteries any who yet impersonate.

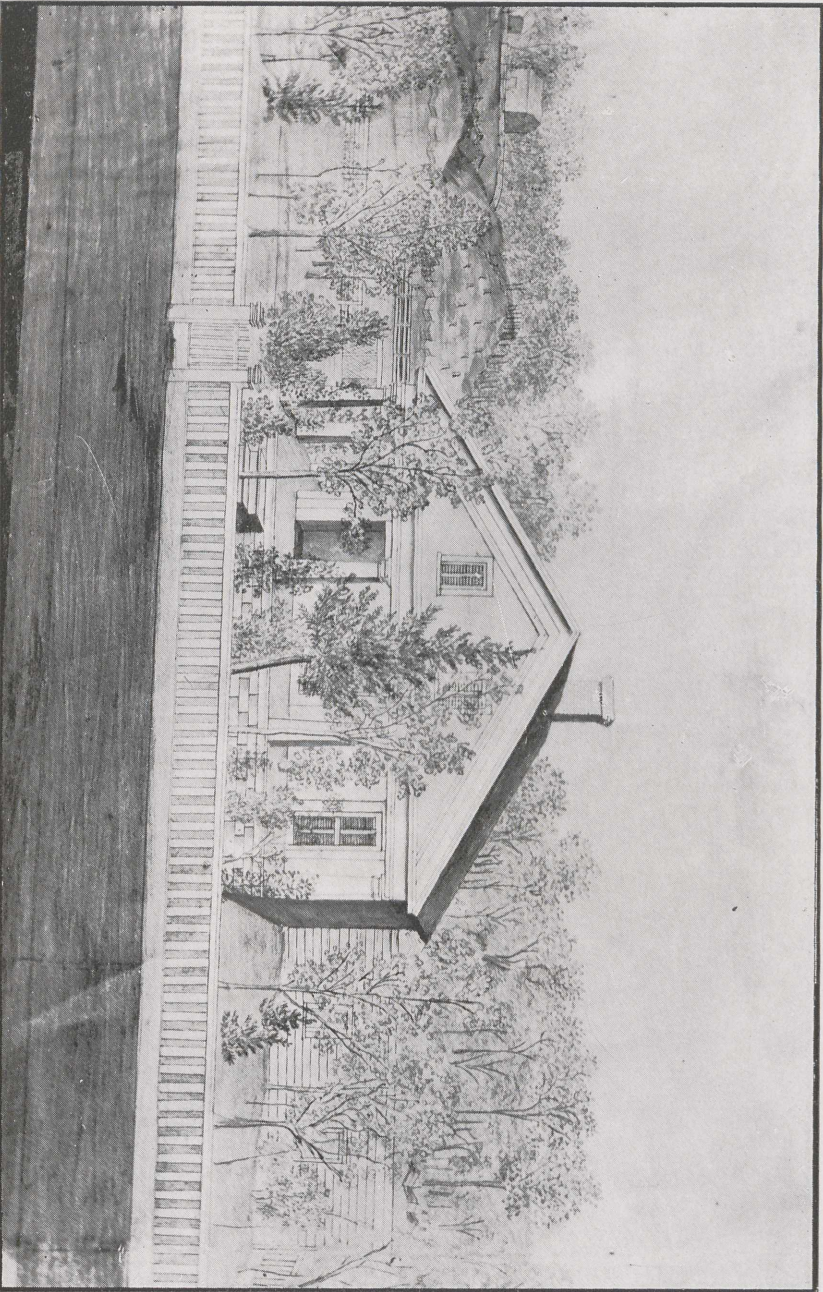
The Old Home.

November 27, 1857.

AFTER an interval of two years I again resume my long neglected Journal, hoping by its renewal to reap that benefit attendant upon right discipline of mind and expression of thought.

To say that we have not experienced change would be falsely speaking, for we have realized many and trying scenes and changes since then; sickness has again visited us, but in gratitude we would say that life was spared. It scarce seems possible, but more like a dream, that our old homestead has indeed passed to other hands, that those scenes which once held so much interest in my mind, which seemed so unrivaled in beauty, the little white embowered cot, the meadow, the mossy hill, the dark waving woodland, the tall elm grove, passed into the possession of others.

The old home where at early dawn, when aurora opened the pearly gates of morning, the dew gems flashed from hill-side, valley, drooping tree, and sparkled in the chalice of the fragrant flowers, where the carol of birds was heard from rosy dawn to starlight hour, where kind friends used to throng and spend the fleeting hour in social chat. Oh! were it not for life's deep, dark, lacerating, soul-sickening troubles earth would be Eden still; but, oh! whither would



Photogravure from a pencil sketch by Caroline at thirteen years of age, of the old home erected in 1803 by her grandfather, Alfred Sherman. The house is still in good preservation and is surrounded by old forest trees planted by Caroline's father in his youth.

the heart turn then? The soul would be but too prone to prove to wanderers, as though the sylvan bands were never to be loosed, nor the golden vessel broken at the fount, the spirit return to its author; oh! yes, those associations of home, though, will ever be saddened from the dark, lingering memories of the past, for disappointments, failures of doing what I should have done, sickness, sorrows, trials of every phase, have more than balanced the pleasures I might have enjoyed. Yet must I be grateful for what blessings I am allowed.

Review of a Summer Trip.

August 24, 1860.

Strange as it is to think of it, more than two months have passed since we left home. Since then we have seen much that is new to us, a great many persons and faces and some friends whom we think much of, and many strangers.

Let me see if I can trace our journey. We first took the train for Cape Vincent; arrived there in a short time. At the hotel we retired, as they thought the boat would not get in before morning, but we had no sooner got into a drowse than we were called, as the "Propeller" was then coming. Although it was midnight, we walked some dis-

tance along the wharf to meet the boat, but was told that it would soon come up to the landing, so we returned to the starting point; in a few hours we were moving over the broad Ontario. A day or two after we reached the entrance of the Welland Canal where the lakes are quite numerous, some twenty in number, and scenery very beautiful, hill and dale, here and there tall elms, their graceful boughs forming arched bowers, occasionally a ship or yacht, and now and then a waterfall or cascade.

One of the pleasantest places where the boat landed was St. Catharines, a town of considerable size, delightfully situated upon a hill. It contains many beautiful buildings and is noted for its extensive salt works, and much resorted to by invalids on account of the medicinal qualities of its salt springs.

Finally after five days we reached Detroit in Michigan, where we found our friends expecting and very glad to see us.

While there we improved our time the best we knew how in visiting various parts of the country and city.

It is a delightful town situated upon the Detroit river. It has some beautiful streets where I have had many a pleasant walk and chat, and splendid buildings, many of them stone and of beautiful architecture; their yards are superbly ornamented with walks, flowers, fountains, mossy seats and hedges, and flowering shrub.

One day we visited the City Hospital for the sick and dying. There was at that time a number of patients, some of them very interesting cases, and attended by the "Sisters of Charity." They are untiring in their care and accomplishment of duty, and truly to be admired and beloved for their generosity and cultivation of the best qualities of character. I shall long remember one sweet sister who was so kind to us, related to us so many incidents and conducted us all around the building, and another still whom we saw kneeling in the chapel.

They looked quite unique with their dark cloth skirt and sack, rosaries and large white bonnets.

We also visited and attended several churches ; the German Catholic was indeed well worth going in to see the difference in church form and customs. The construction of the altar was of a simple railing, of painted wood, in fact, and nearly covered with flowers ; in the centre was a niche in which stood the statue of the Virgin Mary ; on each side were two other statues of bronze, there and near the altar was the figure of Mary supporting the form of Jesus soon after he was taken from the cross, his countenance expressing the great agony he had felt and her's the deep anguish of her soul ; near this was the beautiful statue of Mary again which they said was movable, and in its place was sometimes a cradle in which was the infant Jesus.

Beside these are several paintings representing Christ in different stages of life. In the gallery is the organ.

One of the Catholic fraternity was then in there attending to his duties. They allow visitors to come in and apparently mind nothing about them, but if any one ever approaches and touches the altar they put them out.

While in Detroit we went several times to Mr. Hogarth's church. He is one of the most interesting and talented and gifted divines I have ever heard. I shall not soon forget his beautiful discourse; he spoke with much sincerity, impressing the mind more effectually.

Western Trip.

1860.

While in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1860, and having heard that the statue of Perry was in progress we went to see it. Though I have had opportunities of seeing statuary, so far as I am a judge, have never seen anything to surpass this piece of sculpture; not only is this colonial statue splendid as a specimen of art, but striking, and awe inspiring: the lifelike expression of features, the power of character, position—all so perfectly and elegantly done.

Had we remained three days later we should have been present on the day of its erection, which was Sept. 10, 1860.

Jan. 10, 1862.

It has been a springlike day and raining nearly all the time. I arose so late I had little time to do anything, but succeeded in practising some two or three hours, read some, etc.

In thinking of matters and circumstances, got my feelings wrought up to a considerable degree of excitement, which is not uncommon, making me impatient with myself and everyone else around me, although they may be blameless. Yet few have a pleasanter home than I, with its walls of gilded paper, hanging marble mantles and fireplaces, Brussels and Wilton tapestry, pictures and piano forte. Were it not for some thoughts and impressions I might be happy. The town clock peals the hour of 10 and I have nearly finished out this page, though I felt that I could write nothing when I commenced, so goes my Journal for 1862.

Jan. 12, 1862.

Have not been to church to-day, but very much interested in reading Holland's later work entitled "Lessons of Life or Essays upon Common Subjects." The book seems peculiarly adapted to the understanding and well calculated to benefit and instruct. I like very much what he says of "bodily imperfection and impediments," and closes the chapter with much that is consoling to those thus afflicted.

I once had the honor of seeing and hearing him speak and may again possibly this winter.

I suppose I shall have the very great pleasure of hearing "Gough" the reformed inebriate and Saxe the poet in the course of a few months.

Jan. 13, 1862.

Have felt wretchedly and accomplished very little to-day; have been reading and heard read several pages in "Holland," and he is one of the most amusing, original and instructive authors I ever read—a writer of great capabilities and reach of thought and extended knowledge of persons, material and subjects generally. I would like to possess his poem entitled "Bitter Sweet." It is so ingeniously written and arranged, also his "Letters to the Young."

How great a thing to be an author.

April 1st, 1862.

Glad I have concluded to write again in my diary, have not received any April jokes to-day ; what will transpire ere another April comes ?

For the last two or three months my time has been taken in painting a very fine landscape originally done by a Spanish artist and represents one of the loveliest scenes of the country. Time can only tell whether I succeed with the art. At any rate, if a few more weeks finds the

large canvas covered and the picture complete, I shall feel that it is a great achievement.

April 2, 1862.

Old winter is fast retreating at the approach of balmy, sunny spring. The winds are high but not dangerous; I have not been out to-day as I would have liked, but have been painting, making gradual progress with my piece and hoping to complete it shortly. Were it not for the comfort of my little studio, as we call it, oh! what would I do? There in a measure I become oblivious of sorrow, in the study of the art. I hope the time may yet come when I shall visit those celebrated galleries again and which prove of so much benefit to all true admirers of the beautiful.

Papa has taken another piece down to the store to be framed; it is called "Scene on the Saranac." I am afraid they will think it rather a bad specimen of oil painting, but I shall have to bear it if they do. Oh! if I could but bid grief flee so that it would never return.

Have been quite busy all the afternoon. Adeline Olney came in a little while this afternoon. She had been shopping; has probably got home before this time. It seems a little strange that Adeline, my schoolmate and friend, has been long enough married to have two little girls, even now almost large enough to do the work, go to school, etc. I would like to go and see her. I wonder when I shall ever

make out that sketch of the old cottage homestead now closed and unoccupied, but the yard is still looking beautiful they say; I see it now, the old arbor amid the clump of evergreens, the paths, the barn, the old lattice frame, the cot itself with the little observatory and the diamond windows.

May 23, 1862.

Have visited Alice M—— to-day; found her busily engaged for one of the most important of life's events; ere another month has passed she will be a bride, her destiny united with her heart's choice, to be married at half-past 6 o'clock. They will take the train east for New York. Oh! how much she will see to interest and entertain. According to promise and calculation I have made and presented a bridal gift to her, pearl and white satin, how useless, yet pretty for ornament, not utility to be sure.

The bride and groom will be absent but a few days, then will return and be at home as usual. It seems strange that all the old friends are so nearly married off. I shall soon be the last one left of the former circle of young people. They have new ties and the mysteries of the future are rapidly unfolding to them—those bright tinted visions. Their anticipations will now soon be realized.

May 24th.

A clear morning; the leaves of the trees are out and some of the flowering shrubs, but there are but few flowers.

The grape vine trailing over the arbor is looking very pretty, and as though we might have some grapes.

I can hardly realize that Judge Strong, of Owego, and Congressman one time, is at present a resident of this place. Had a very pleasant ride and visit with him on Sunday last, for old acquaintance sake. I acknowledge him the most gentlemanly entertaining and interesting of our friends. I never shall forget his kindness in relating to me so many incidents, not only relative to himself and friends, but his travels, which are extensive, from the frigid north to the sunny climes of the southern lands.

Aug. 2, 1862.

Have been for several days feeling badly and have spent a very miserable day, and hardly know when I shall feel better. I scarcely hope to ever be. Have been listening to the sad, grave music of the "Watertown Cornet Band," but lately organized, and wept to think so many from my native county must leave their home and friends who are dear to them, perhaps forever, fall in battle for their country's cause, that the constitution of our forefathers may be upheld.

1871.

I here transcribe in this book within these pages which has been long in review such incidents, recollections, thoughts, conversations, as may hereafter come to me, a

Journal, or recommencement for the year 1871. An advantage of personal note or journalizing, how much or less, almost boundless have been the experiences, emotions, thoughts, opinions, views, objects, aims and conclusions within these last fifteen years.

Years have fled and rolled away the accomplishments of theories. They, like many others, have fallen far short of the practical, have failed in reaching the thoughts of anticipated attainment.

How sad and despairing have been the weary days, months and years since we left the dear home. The little white embowered cottage, rose-wreathed, the old yard, its flower paths and mounds of many flowered gems, its clump of evergreens, the pretty French dormer windows, the arbor and gardens, the blessed recollections of the harvest and hay-days, ever sunny hours were those; how am I to survive it and remember that I have no more to do with those pleasant girl-hood days.

June 27, 1876.

I am to-day at home, the flowers are blooming in the garden, birds rocking upon the tree boughs in their nests, soft breezes playing and street minstrels have been singing to the harp. I have been much occupied finishing some of the many paintings still awaiting completion. It is the little fairy-like scene so long in contemplation; the rise and



Engraved by Samuel Sartain, Phila.

J. A. Sherman

elevation of the arts have long been one of the deepest and greatest interest of my mind. What would the world be if this were left with past ages ?

June 20.

Have taken a long walk to-day down to my husband's vineyard, had rather a pleasant time, the morning was delightful, the weather fine. Mother came too, and she and I came home together. Had something very nice in way of refreshment sent to me to-day ; enjoyed them very much ; have done nothing on the pictures to-day ; am not very well this evening, but will perhaps feel better to-morrow.

June 28.

I have lately made some calls, which is quite extraordinary for me ; found the people very kind and pleasant to me ; I am not feeling well enough to say much. The weather has been lovely ; to-day, as usual, there has been much going on in the street which should interest me far more than it does. Before me is a mineral case with the most beautiful specimens I ever had the privilege of viewing ; likewise shells of the sea. I oft wished to visit the shores of the sea, but it may never be. I hope even at this late day to sometime stand upon the land I read of.

Alas, how little have I realized of the once bright anticipation of that which I dreamed of late of night and by

day, for health and senses seem failing. I cannot even do or feel as I once have done. I am too tired to write more to-night.

Another day. July.

To amuse myself I again take up the pen to write for apparently new amusement.

The lovely month of July has nearly passed with its clouds and sunshine. My husband is away, but will be home soon, I hope. Have had some delightful rides lately; pony, I believe, stands in the stable to-day. Called lately at Mrs. L—s, had a pleasant call.

Went on to Whitesville, which I think one of the pleasantest little villages I have ever seen, the little bridge over the creek and the creek winding its happy way through the valley and among the green trees. I am not practicing music much now, though I love music as well as ever in my life. I should have some new music and see if I cannot keep up with them. Oh ! but my head does feel so badly.

Down the St. Lawrence.

I once in the course of events went down the St. Lawrence, passed the Thousand Islands, which has so often been made the theme of poets, and I can say for myself there are few lovelier subjects for a poet's pen or fancy.

Finally the boat safely reached Kingston Harbor where we landed and stopped for awhile. In the meantime Mr. M—— took a carriage and driver, rode about the city, visited the grounds and buildings, though they were not then completed, where they were to hold their great Provincial Fair. At first the view of Kingston seemed rather gloomy, but on entering the town it was much more cheerful. The high grey walls are somewhat different from our modern American buildings and fine brick blocks.

I think it was about dusk when we drew near Montreal, passed under the far-famed and world-wide wonder, Victoria Bridge, which spans the river for nearly two miles. I will here quote the description :

“The Victoria Bridge is one of the wonders of the world. It crosses the river from Point St. Charles to the south shore ; a distance of two miles, less 150 feet. It is built on the tubular principle, and while the railway trains pass through the tube there is a balcony outside with a foot path for passengers. The bridge consists of twenty-three spans of 242 feet each, and one in the centre of the river 330 feet.

“The spans are approached on each side of the river by a causeway, each terminating in an abutment of solid masonry 240 feet long and 90 feet wide. The causeway from the north bank is 1,400 feet long, that from the south

bank is 700 feet. The tube is iron 22 feet high and 16 feet wide, at the extreme ends 19 feet high. The contents of the masonry 3,000 cubic feet, this is necessary as it is calculated that each buttress will have to bear the pressure of 70,000 tons of ice, when the winter breaks up and the large ice fields come sweeping down the St. Lawrence which has destroyed former bridges."

Revery Written one Moonlight Night in St. Augustine, Fla.

Is it possible for a created being to merit anything at the hands of God?

The instincts of animals are their laws of life, they seem to be sensible of their ends of being and the measure of attaining them.

Truth is that resemblance to our conformity with nature that is presented to the mind by the relation of ideas whether simple or complex.

"There is a divinity shapes our ends rough-hew them as we will."

'Tis better to be lowly-born and mingle with humble lives in content than to be prinked up in glittering grief and wear a golden sorrow.

Whatever is seen by the bodily eye or perceived by the

outward senses is but an effect from the spiritual world and a true representative of some principle therein and possessor to it, for that world is in the human soul and mind.

I ramble by the evening sea
The light-house glimmering from afar,
And fleecy clouds are soaring free
O'er rising moon and trembling star;
In distance floats the waving sail,
Or brightly gleams the splashing oar
And mingles with the shivering gale;
The billowy waves merge on the shore.
But one thing wants the wanderer there—
A kindred soul the scene to share.

September.

Many important incidents have passed, and I should say events perhaps, since I last penned a line upon this sheet. We have been blessed with comparative health and still enjoy the comforts, every luxury of life and society of friends yet spared to us, though there have been changes in our circle.

How wonderful is the mechanism of man; what temples of magnificence will he not erect; what projects will he not conceive; what will he not accomplish; what will he not dare for the safety of the future well-being of

those that are near and dear to him ; he will face the world and in the most trying period of his country, where anarchy threatens, he faces the battle field and raises his arm for its defence.

Where is M—— to-night ? I hope he is well, perhaps amidst a circle of warm and much interested friends who are listening with enthusiasm to his historic accounts, or perhaps with unfeigned sorrow at his hardships and severe experience, unmindful, most probably of her who has suffered for him and ever will. Oh ! why has life's favor run with so much more severity with some than others, we may ask, but we have no reply. Oh ! how those past sad associations come thronging at times, at near all times as it were, of him—the cottage with its piazza and trailing vine and flowering shrub, the street where it stood with the tall maples on either side, 'neath the shade of which he passed. Oh ! music and moon-light, where is the soul that can resist thy witching charm and where, too, the flowers lift their gemmed chalices from whence pure incense is ever wafted upon the breeze? Ambrosia. If we took a microscopic inspection among a grove of flowers! If we could discover the fairies who, with tiny and festive foot poise themselves lightly upon their delicate pedestal or repose amid the folds of rose-leaves and lilies, and perchance the dew-drops, are their fountain springs. I wish we had all

been fairies. If I had the genius or ingenuity of Hans Anderson, the author, I might say more.

Tuesday, Nov.

Did not get up very early, still the day has not passed without accomplishing a little something; first took breakfast, regulated the rooms, trimmed the plants, had considerable conversation with my mother about writing, making out a piece for publication, painted some upon my piece of the falls, which I hope to complete sometime, got quite tired, went to bed and slept some, awoke in time for tea, which was very nice and good, and am now writing in my journal. It has been a day of cloud and sunshine, breeze, wind and storm. This evening there is quite a little fall of snow upon the ground, there are still some leaves left floating upon the almost naked branches of the trees as the wind sways them to and fro.

Oh! well, however much consoled we may feel for a time, it is but transient; with me soon, very soon again falls the dark pall of sorrow; 'tis useless to do away with those conflicting feelings that are ever jarring within me. "Anomalies" of mind or nature are mysteries—too obtruse for ordinary intellects to solve.

The Autumn Time.

Language could not give utterance to the afflictions of the past. I should say perhaps there had been commingled with other days some bright hours, I had been present at brilliant assemblages, gazed upon the moonlight night, the dazzling days of autumn time. I remark the first declining year, but hope still guides and radiates our pathway, and we know that brighter years will dawn.

I am sitting in my room, the clock a Christmas gift, is still ticking upon the mantle, the creeping vine shades the window, lovely plants and flowers stand near the moss basket strung from the window, the fire burns in the grate, a small library near, shells from the Acapulco shores, stereoscopic scenes and pictures upon the wall. My desk rests upon the table, dear memento of girlhood happier days, though the friends that gathered thereabout it once, I seldom see, and know they are not on the bright earth, but in gratitude I raise my eyes upwards that so many are spared to me still. Pony and carriage are each day at the gate and off we go into the bright autumn sunshine through the cedar groves, the lovely varied forest, how magnificent are these rides, how beautiful to gaze upon those lovely flowers, the bright fragrant geranium and forest leaf in their many and varied brilliant hues and shades, the lovely dang-

ling snow-drop with its pearly little ball, the scarlet cup of the wild rose and red berries of varied shrubs. How beautiful the river-like lakelets amidst the willow! Now and then a boating party with their canoe and oars paddling amongst the islands so pretty in their autumn dress. But yesterday we passed two lovely little towns upon the hills and banks and among the trees, stood upon the latticed bridge in the little seaport-like place of Dexter and within one of the little bays of Black river stood anchored the little skiff of the lakes.

We arrived home at 1 P. M. after a ride of sixteen miles, the day is misty and rather cold, the old apple tree by the window is in the sere and yellow leaf, but the fruits are gathered and the tempting purple and white grapes that lately filled the graperies are stored safely from the biting frosts of winter, the gay winged birds have fled to summer climes, their song greets us no more till summer time with soft breeze and balmy, brings the glorious reminiscences of summer time, soft music in the street beneath the broad delightful spreading branches and tower and harbor-like parks near sparkling fountains; the harp and guitar are oft heard neath the moonlight shades, sometimes the winding horn of the hunter that bugles silvery tones and now and then the hunter is seen wending his way thro' the rough shrubs of the forests.

We sometimes see upon the hill the encampment of the gypsy, those who tell our destinies, much like those, which actual things past in other days.

Thoughts.

When we are in trouble our minds are oppressed ; yet the ministerings of a friend on whose friendship we can rely, will in some measure overcome the gloom, and sunshine will break through ; but shame to the person whose friendship is so valueless as to be purchased by gold, or on whose promise we cannot depend.

There are many things beautiful in the world, some of which often excite our admiration and wonder, and turn our thoughts to the great nature of them ; among the very interesting specimens of nature's works that we see is the running brooks, giving reflection here and there to the golden beams of sunshine, and also the blossoms that strew their grassy banks, and the birds that warble so joyously about us.

There is a place where the silver fountain of life is ever playing, and when the mystic cord that binds us to earth is broken, our immortal soul ascends to regions of day ; but our bodies perish and moulder in the dust.

The imagination of persons pertaining to superstition is more apt to lead them forth when unprotected at the silent and midnight hour, than at any other time. How often have we heard, though we may never have experienced it, of some terrific scene that has transpired at that fearful time, and why it is that ghosts and goblins of great forms are always associated with darkness.

Many have trod the downward road to ruin by means of taking the first glass, they then thought preferable to a sparkling goblet of water; some drink until their feelings become hardened, and they have little thought of anything, but sometimes conscience whispers, "family, your children, temperance," which leads them to sign the pledge.

I have often thought, in seeing some bright-winged frequenter of air, and listening to the mellow tones of their musical voice, how singular that so infirm a creature should be possessed with what would seem human intelligence, but termed by us "instinct."

Different persons have different tastes, and what would seem pleasant and agreeable to one would be disagreeable to another. Many like to wander in some silent path, beside some sparkling rivulet, first watching the sunbeams as they play upon the waters; now with thoughtful brow, meditating

upon the things of life and nature, and whom, perhaps, as yet, never tasted the fearful and bitter cup of sorrow.

What spot is there dearer on earth
Than that cherished land of our childhood birth,
Free from disturbance and savage haunt
We roam, and listen to the night-birds' chant.
No care more wide or tower of lofty height
No starlit sky more clear and bright.

In walking, I have often paused upon some elevated bank sloping down to some narrow-like stream sleeping quietly beneath me, and admired the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and thought it more beautiful than words can express. Then was the time that my uncontrolled meditations led me back to my cherished hours long since fled.

The months swiftly, rapidly chase each other up, speeding us on to eternity, but which event should not be contemplated with sadness, but rather with gladness and hope of a bright immortality.

Of what was I thinking? Oh! yes, of happy days fled, and left me still passing on in this indifferent world, where nature only, truly responds to the saddened heart.

Where, in the depths of the forest, each verdant and graceful branch waves a sympathizing welcome, each flut-

tering leaf like angel whisperings, each fragrant gem of woodland flowerets casts a soothing influence upon the senses as it yields its perfumed incense on the balmy ether. Each musical cascade that sparkles in the sunlight down its precipitous path and glides away, mingling its bright waters in unison, perchance with another silvery rivulet, thus tuned to fairy melody like the breath of æolian upon the passing breeze; truly an allegorical illustration of responsive hearts of unity.

Yes, ah! how kindly does the little bird look upon you as it for a moment rests upon the green bough, then poising its gay pinions on ethereal heights, soars away, warbling its praises to the Infinite. With what eloquence do all these scenes impress us, yes, scenes which teach us a lesson which should with vivid indelibility be sealed upon the heart, causing us to feel that the hand of the incomprehensible Deity is there, else, how could they flourish and, perchance, angel presence are near, else how is the atmosphere so like a pervading halo of light, what else sends forth these elevated promptings of the heart which contemplates objects of the external world with such sacred delight or with lofty aspirings else by supernatural influence, or some power undefined, the spirit seems wafted aloft to regions of immensity in nearer proximity to that Deity whose "voice is thunder," who "holdeth the storm in the palm of his hand;" he who causeth the great waters in their unfathomable depths to be

troubled, whose "way is in the sea," who causeth the earth to tremble and shake, "whose path is upon the waves of the wide, wide waters."

Yet that Omnipresent and Omniscient creator hath a thought for each creature he hath created. He noteth the sparrow that falleth to the ground; how much more a soul, spirit utopian before personified, transient on earth, but designed for immortality; with what affinity does the spiritualized soul, clarified by the fires of affliction, approximate to that Deity who cherishes them in the coverts of his illimitable love and sympathy; oh, why does the wayward heart too oft neglect, yet with what humility and adoration does it again approach the throne of Him who weareth a coronet of glory.

But wherefore am I wandering thus from my text.

'Tis link by link a chain becomes complete,
'Tis thus the mind links thought to thought
Ere the muse retreat.

Thinking was I of happy by-gone days; oh! yes, the dropping tear betokened that a cloud had cast its shadow "o'er the spirit of my dream," and taking a retrospect of the scenes which "hung on the wall of memory's hall" in the pensive light of meditation, caused the fountain of the heart to play upon the saddened soul, scenes where kindly countenances with kindlier glances and words of

approval were offered, where some heartfelt sentiment had been expressed, or, perchance, when fingers touched keys whose musical strings brought forth sounds blending with a voice whose simple pathos was but the emanations of true deep feelings. But, how, now methinks a different aspect is presented, it seems much as though interest had departed and indifference usurped its place.

Yes, in the hazy vista of by-gone days those scenes pass into the transient but not permanent shades of oblivion, these hallowed reminiscences are again recalled from the ideal to the real—those less enlightened and progressive years, eclipsed by the dazzling light of the present, which seems revolutionizing the events of life's drama for eternity, and which, with few exceptions, casts scenes and things of the past, and of other days into comparative insignificance. 'Tis no mystery, the sensitive soul is sometimes susceptibly pained by the world's indifference.

Soft Stars.

When soft stars are peeping
Through the pure azure sky
And southern gales sweeping
Their warm breathings by
Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea
There comes o'er me stealing
Sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose when faded
Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves laden
With silent perfume ;
Thus round me will hover
In grief or in glee,
Till life's dream be over
Sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute that lingers
In silence, alone,
Unswept by light fingers
Scarce murmurs a tone,
My young heart resembled
That lute light and free,
Till o'er its chords trembled
Those memories of thee.

Compositions Written in Childhood.

TO MY PONY.

1848.

Away, away, my bonnie steed
We must not tarry here, but speed.

Onward, onward, still we go,
Nor do I care to tell thee whoa,
We'll go through the valley, o'er the hill
And gently leap each winding rill.

Haste, haste, my pony there is none like thee,
Thou art swift as the wind, as wild and free,
Here we go bounding over the plain
We'll soon reach the precincts of home again.

What spot is there dearer on earth
Than the cherished land of our childhood birth.

Yes when the rosy morning opes,
Ah, then I think of thee,
And still at evening's pensive hour,
Oh thou that charm with magic power,
Shall my utopian dreams prove true and do you think of me.

FLOWERS.

The flowers resuscitate, we might suppose they decreased our existences, but they regenerate, they are the bright unexpectant visitants, glorious illumined wonders of our loving, breathing lives, their fragrances are like the wafting of unknown spirits to wider spheres of purer life. We gaze upon the pure, perfected and lovely flower and bless the moments of their pure fragrance. We look upward to the blue sky upon the perfect waving forest and grove. The sunlight's bright glory spirits are around us, near us. The showers have but lately washed the pebbly walks and drives. We note the gay appaared throng that lightly pass the old to-let brick pile there beyond the trees, our souls are sickening, our past is weak, our own spirit sinking 'neath the burden of some wicked spell, dread malevolence cast its chill o'er the sweet loveliness of the flowers; though the frosts of winter are beautiful in their sparkling splendor. The tall grandeur of the forest, bright and dazzling in its crystal beauty, is brilliant in the sunbeams, as the unrivalled splendor of the forest's diamond blaze.

SPRING.

Spring is a delightful season; it seems more pleasant because it comes directly after winter; everything then looks so green and fresh, the flowers are soon in blossom, which adds another beauty to nature, the trees put on their foliage,

the fields and meadows are spread in their carpets of green, and everything seems clothed in the most beautiful vestments nature can offer or bestow.

The birds, too, that are skipping about us are warbling out their sweetest notes as if to tell us how happy they are. The young lambs, too, look very pretty jumping about. All these objects look very cheering in spring.

SENTENCE.

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away,
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And day with its banner of radiance unfurled
Shines through the mountainous portals that ope
Sublime through that valley of bliss to the world.

REVERY

It was at the moonlight hour
Fast thronged Heaven's brilliants in God's azure firmament
Throwing a silvery, soft, obscure and gossamer fabric o'er the land
Alike o'er valley, cot and antique tower,
On mountain summit, thundering cataract and mossy dell,
O'er pebbled rills,
Whose cadence blended with the night-birds' trill
Was like the tinkling chime of fairy bells.

LIFE AND NATURE.

The analogy existing between life and nature has often been discussed upon by eloquent tongues and ready pens,

yet this does not deny others the privilege of also expressing their views.

The shades and sunshine on the landscape of life are as varied as the lights and shadows of nature, the scenes of each hold close affinity to the other.

Note the transcendent glory of the rising sun as it reaches our conception as some awe-inspiring vision presented to our view from the portals of paradise, gilding the forest tops, each hill and mountain summit, glancing in the valley, gleaming on the rippling stream, flashing on the dew-drop, gem of the iris-lined floweret.

But mark those diminutive clouds fluttering above, casting a slight shadow beneath them, yet upward, upward, is the measured step of Sol in his hyperion grandeur tracking his way through the heavens' expanse, onward to the zenith.

Again seest thou those light clouds arranging in fountain forms, blending into one higher and still higher pile the dark masses, obscuring the sunlight and nature's face, which tho beautiful but an hour ago is cast in gloom. The reverberating thunder crashes above us and rolls far away over the distant hill. The scathing lightning flashes amid the strife of the elements—save the storm holds sway over nature's objects, the lofty forest trees bow low their heads, and the mighty oak is split asunder by the lightning bolts—thus it comes and passes, threatening devastation wherever

it may speed its way, but it hampers not the measured way of Sol still in the ascendancy and now casting his dazzling gleam upon the earth as the smile of sunburst.

These scenes of nature to me seem not dissimilar to many incidents of life. Thus with the first dawning of our intellectual impression of the external world, with this inquiry, reflection and greater development of the faculties with our ever active and progressive mind arises various susceptibilities of pain and pleasure which each must express in form some bright anticipation in which, perhaps, there brings not the realization that our sorrowing hours are but the flitting shadows oer life's pathway.

In the course of events, ambition presents to the aspiring mind gilded scenes in the vista of the future, which turn out to be a phantasy.

PERSEVERANCE.

Nothing is more necessary to a person's character than perseverance. Without this quality we cannot accomplish what we set ourselves about to do. We often say we cannot do a thing, but it is more for the want of perseverance than anything else.

Perseverance will overcome any obstacle that at first seemed almost impossible. It was this in part that first led to the discovery of America and the many other things which have been accomplished. It is also that which has

raised lowly individuals to high and influential stations in life. Why is this? Because they seem endowed with this quality more than those who are better off.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Who would not prefer a country life to that of the city where all is bustle and noise enough to deafen you, omnibuses are every moment rattling past you, followed by carts of coal and carriages of the rich, the streets are thronged with numerous individuals, each going to their respective places and each for different occupations, some to obtain their daily subsistence by begging, others by some better means? I would not pretend to say city life is not pleasant, I think it is; there are many useful advantages to be gained there and many objects of amusement and interest. To be sure in walking or visiting places of amusement or other places you each turn see something to interest and inform you. There are also some places where the aspect is very pleasant to look upon, though the city seems almost destitute of such places in comparison to the country with its numerous fields and woods and many other things which are not to be found in cities.

LIFE NOT ALL SORROW.

O'er the broad desert of life is scattered many an oasis, many a bright and sunny spot on which memory lingers with delight, when all around is dark and drear.

Sad, indeed, would be our lot if the cup of life were bitter to the dregs, and there was naught but sorrow here.

Behold that child in the height of glee chasing the bright-winged butterfly, thoughtless as yet of the many ills which beset the path of youth, and say if all is sorrow here.

Again, see yon tinted rainbow stretching aloft through ethereal space as a bright bow of promise, that though the world has once been deluged on account of the sins of mankind, it is never to be so again; is this not another illustration that life is not all sorrow?

Once more, look yonder to the woodlands from whose bowers the fragrant flowers send forth their sweetest incense to the distant hills, on whose verdant surface gambol the young lambs in their joyousness, their fleecy coats reminding of their innocence, does not this also instruct that life is not all sorrow?

We have spoken of the child in his playfulness, in the chase after the bright-winged butterfly, how is it with the youth and the man? Is he as happy as when he sported free in pursuit of some transient but beautiful object? No. Trials, severe, bitter trials, beset him as he advances, but Hope, the kin of Memory, is ever near and she casts her anchor, not on the broad waste of the billowy ocean, but in some pleasant harbor near some sunny isle where all is beautiful. Thus his life has yet some pleasures.

Again, had it not been for the errors of mankind we perhaps might have ever enjoyed that unalloyed happiness experienced by our first parents before their farewell to paradise, we might perhaps have been the inhabitants of an Eden, wandered in elysian bowers and lingered by crystal fountains.

But let us not murmur but remember if we have pains we too have our pleasures, and life is not composed wholly of sorrow.

HEAVEN.

What is Heaven, and how does it appear? is a question which many perhaps contemplate upon, but can form no definite opinion except that it is the inheritance of the good and the righteous. Yes, what is Heaven? 'tis true we can with admiring gaze watch the setting sun increasing in grandeur as it sinks below the western horizon, leaving behind it the gold and purple-tinged clouds as if to remind us of its recent presence and think of Heaven. We on a lovely evening can view the azure sky above us—ornamented with its myriads of stars and the beautiful moon gliding like a fairy gondola on the bosom of a fairy lake. This reminds us of Heaven but does not describe it.

We may imagine one vast unbounded surface diversified with every magnificent and imposing scene which nature can present only supernatural. The verdant turf and

shadowy valley where crystal fountains laughingly dance and sparkle in the sunbeam, through which angels walk and with their golden harps chant holy anthems to their King!

An Unfinished Letter to a Friend : George
Demotte Sterrott.

May 17.

DEMOTTE :

I have been absent some days ; on my return I found tidings awaiting me from you. This you may believe, that your very welcome yet never anticipated letter has but just reached me, for I knew not but that you would be too much occupied at the far-famed Institution to think of writing me, so you may judge with what pleasure I perused its interesting pages. Though there are exceptions to every rule it is indeed in the case of hearing tidings from distant friends, a blessing they to receive likewise if not more so to give where one can feel a competency to do so, and the receiver experiences both pleasure and satisfaction feeling their own incompetency ; I can but plead your patience and forbearance in the perusal of my letter, am half inclined to think that you may say otherwise.

That you have experienced a slight attack of home-sickness—as for instance an ague chill strikes one before he is

acclimated to distant climes, yet surely your youthful though manly heart and nature possesses more bravery than to let the idea disturb you, for even slight you may feel that you are sojourning almost in fairyland.

To a great degree it is absence from home, friends and fire-side associations that doubly endears us to them and we learn to better appreciate them, thus you dwell in our memory almost as though you were personally among us, and shall receive you home with many warm greetings.

As the snowball rolled about, gathering size and strength at every push, so character becomes more developed and gains power by the world's buffetings.

You probably have long before this time received a letter from your father and mother relating to you more that will be of interest than I fear I shall be able to do.

You must feel quite established at your new school by this time. I think I can imagine you, student-like, poring over volumes of love and logic for future use, making such progression as to reach the point at which you aimed by reading ; be prompt until you arrive at the pinnacle of fame.

Remarks at the Funeral of Mrs. Caroline Sherman Marvin.

BY REV. DR. PORTER AT THE FAMILY HOME.

October 28th, 1896.

The lady whose mortal form we lay away in the family mausoleum to-day, because her spirit had left it, was a peculiar person ; a person peculiarly organized ; a fine, sensitive spirit enshrined in a delicate, frail, keenly sensitive physical organization.

Delicate instruments, highly strung, with fine capabilities, and sending forth notes of rare melody, get easily out of tune ; cannot bear the strain of their own musical powers. "Such was the instrument that lies before you." Caroline Amelia Marvin was born, Dec. 28th, 1833, in the cottage on her father's farm in Rutland.

The beautiful Hill Country of Rutland has always reminded me of Old Hebron and the "Hill Country of Judea," where Abraham lived and Isaac was brought up ; where Zacharias and Elizabeth lived, and John the Baptist was born and reared. John A. Sherman was, perhaps, the leading farmer of that dairy farming Hill Country and was the father of the great cheese industry which has become the leading commercial interest of Jefferson county.

In 1859 the family left the farm, with its herds, to other hands and came to live in Watertown. Mr. Sherman purchased for himself a home on Sterling street, and for business investment the Washington Hall Block, which he bequeathed to the Young Men's Christian Association. In 1869 he purchased this house for a family home, from which he passed away in March, 1882.

On the 21st day of December, 1863, Caroline was married to D. S. Marvin. Her peculiar physical condition unfitted her for general society; she loved her home; she loved nature; for some years she was able to be driven over the hills and through the valleys which she loved in her youth. She was a born artist, keenly alive to the beauties of nature, her pencil drew scores and hundreds of scenes. She fancied the shady nooks and dells; the running brooks; the old cottage home on the hill with its surrounding trees and evergreens.

It was a very natural desire, that was so kindly and sweetly gratified by her mother, to purchase the old home with its ample lawn and grove, where she could go again in the summer and sit again under the old trees and view with delight the old landscape.

In 1889, with her mother, her aunt and Dr. Mansfield, a long and delightful journey was taken to see with her own artist eyes the grandeur and the beauties of her native

land. The Rocky Mountains, the Yellowstone Park, Washington and Oregon, the Columbia and the Willamette rivers, the beautiful city of Portland, the Pacific coast, California and the Golden Horn, balmy Santa Barbara with the mountains on the East and the ocean on the West. It must have been the great joy of her life to take in the grand scenery of that Eldorado of the West.

The little party spent much time in gathering specimens of the fauna, flora and alga of that locality. In the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, you could be shown to-day, a valuable collection of mosses, ferns, sea-weeds, etc., sent by them and donated to that Institute.

After the return home, the shadows gathered more densely over that gifted mind—until—the material body fell asleep—and the spirit went forth.

